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**J. T. STONE.**

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On Saturday next, Sept. 7, the VOLUNTEER NIGHT will be repeated.

Commence at Eight. Promenade, One Shilling.

Conductor, Mr. ALFRED MELLON.

**PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL.**—Vacancies have occurred, or are about to occur, in the Choir of the above Cathedral; among the regular Lay Clerks, by the death of a tenor; among the Supernumeraries, by promotion of a bass; and among the Choristers, by superannuation.

Application may be made (in the absence of the Chapter Clerk), during the ensuing month, personally or by letter (post paid), to the Dean, who will give preliminary information as to duties, stipend, &c. In case of the Dean not being at home, letters may be left with J. Cattel, Esq., at the Chapter Clerk's office.

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**OSTEND.**—The Ostend journals inform us that a grand musical solemnity was held at the Casino on Saturday the 23rd ultimo, under the direction of M. Jules de Glimes, the eminent professor of singing, from Brussels. The company included some of the most distinguished and renowned amateurs in the kingdom, among whom may be mentioned his Majesty the King of Prussia, Prince George of Prussia, and the Grand Duke of Baden, all *connoisseurs par excellence*. So universal was the demand for places, that more than 400 persons could not be accommodated. M. de Glimes, however, ever willing to oblige, although at no small trouble and expense to himself, consented to remain and organise a second concert on Monday, whereby the disappointed were gratified (all except those whose chief desire might be to see the royal amateurs), as the programme was almost identical in both entertainments. The artists were Mlle. Trebelli, "the famous cantatrice," as the *Journal de Bruxelles* styles her, from the Italian Opera of Paris; Herr Theodore Formes, brother to the celebrated basso, and first tenor of the Grand Opera of Berlin; the brothers de Munck—the one a distinguished violinist, the other a distinguished violoncellist; and M. Gouchon, a pianist of repute. The performance was eminently successful. La Trebelli and M. Formes, above all, covered themselves with glory. "Their beautiful voices harmoniously married" (we transcribe literally from a local paper), "produced an effect not to be expressed" (*indicible*). M. de Glimes is complimented on all sides, not merely for the zeal and energy he displayed in organising the concert, but for the admirably artistic manner in which he accompanied all the pieces on the pianoforte. Both entertainments, indeed, are likely to constitute the great musical events of the season 1861 at Ostend.

**MELBOURNE.**—The return of the Lyster troupe to the Theatre Royal will be signalled by the production of an original serio-comic opera, entitled "The Gentleman in Black," by Mr. Marsh, of this city. Competent judges speak highly of the music. The principal airs are said to possess a fresh and sparkling character, while the overture indicates not only the inventive powers of the composer's mind, but his knowledge of instrumentation, and his capacity to turn the resources of the orchestra to the best advantage. The opera is to be produced with every regard to scenic effect; and as the period at which the story is laid is that of the first French revolution, and the destruction of the Bastille constitutes the finale, there is ample scope for illustration and effect. We are glad to learn that Mr. Kyte contemplates making some extensive and necessary improvements in the Theatre Royal, including the addition of an elegant refreshment-room for the exclusive use of ladies attending the dress circle. This is proposed to be erected on the west side of the theatre, and will resemble a conservatory, ornamented with shrubs and flowers, and a fountain. A new method of illuminating the dress circle is to be introduced, and the present uncomfortable seats are to be replaced by others of a more commodious character.—*Argus*, June 7.

## BOULOGNE.

August, 28, 1861.

If there be any smoke-dried Londoner still undecided where to pass his midsummer holiday, let him make up his mind to come to Boulogne. Nowhere else will he get such a thorough change; no other sea-side town offers more attractions in the way of amusement and relaxation. I am an authority on the subject, for there's not a watering-place on the coast of England of which I cannot speak from personal experience. I have tried Brighton, and have vainly endeavoured to combine enjoyment with submission to the fashionable regulations to which its visitors are supposed to submit. I have been to Ramsgate and Margate, have lounged upon their jetties, and spent my money at their libraries, have been made uncomfortable by the gorgeous, hot-looking velvets of the nosey matrons, and have been jostled rudely by the breast-pinney brethren, who, at this time of year, forsake Jewry to invade the Isle of Thanet and claim it as their own. I have sauntered along the beach at Hastings and calculated the result of a jump from Lover's Seat. Lowestoff and Llandudno are equally well-known to me, while the boasted charms of Scarborough have proved themselves far too fatiguing for my fastidious taste.

To appreciate Boulogne thoroughly I advise a short sojourn en route at Folkestone, that most mysterious of all places where, as far as I have ever been able to make out, civilisation is limited to half a dozen houses and a hotel, the rest of the town being apparently in the same condition, and the natives in the same wild state as they might have been when Cæsar visited them. Dine at the Pavilion Hotel *table d'hôte* because it is the worst dinner you can possibly meet with—badly cooked—badly served. If you have time, sleep at the hotel in the dismal room which will be allotted to you—bathe in the morning. Dinner, bed, and bath have their uses. Under other circumstances I should say, avoid them, as you would any cause of misery and unhappiness; but in this instance they will be beneficial and give a spice to your enjoyment of the *petits plaisirs de la vie* provided for you on this side of the water.

Musical people seem to be very generally of my opinion as to the attractions of Boulogne. Prima donnas, tenors, basses, contraltos, pianists, and composers are to be met with everywhere. At the *tables d'hôte*, the promenade, the library, wherever you go, some well-known face will surely meet you, and the only unpleasant feeling likely to interfere with your amusement is the possibility of the labours of the London season being renewed at Boulogne by the innumerable concert-givers and beneficiaires here congregated together. They are, however, devoted to the *dolce far niente*, and apparently have forgotten for the moment all about their programmes and advertisements. Their chief enjoyment is bathing. Now bathing, as carried on in France generally, and at Boulogne particularly, is a very much more respectable and sociable amusement than it is in many sea-side towns on the English coast. At Margate I remember last year being scandalised by the conduct of the bathers, and those who watched them from the shore. There were no regulations as to costume. Men and women were to be seen within a few yards of each other, destitute of any covering whatever; while young ladies who were fortunate enough to inhabit the houses facing the sea, brought their opera glasses under requisition to get a better view of the disgraceful exhibition which daily presented itself to their eager gaze.

Such an outrage on decency as that which is, I dare say, still in practice at Margate and elsewhere in England at the sea-side, would be punished severely in France. At Boulogne the bathers of both sexes are compelled to dress, the fact of being in the water not being considered any excuse for violating the rules of propriety. This year there are certainly some drawbacks to the bathing, but not of a very serious nature. The management of the baths has, I am told, fallen into the hands of the municipal authorities, who have appointed very incompetent persons to carry out the arrangements. Great is the confusion of a morning on the shore among the applicants for tickets, towels, dresses and machines. The *père de famille* with his numerous progeny anxious for a dip gets very impatient. He remonstrates gently at first, but soon begins a crescendo of fire and fury, which attains an alarming height until he is thrust, family and all, into a machine,

and carried off into the water, where his anger soon gets cooled. *Après tout* he has only had to wait some short time longer than usual, and the crowd of visitors is sufficient apology for his being forced to do so. In the water you can enjoy a pleasant swim with your fair friend whom you may have met at a *table d'hôte*. That's she in the blue-striped bloomer costume. She swims well, and will very probably beat you if you try a race with her. Take care of the priest who is floundering about in that tremendously long gown, if you happen to strike out too far you may do him serious bodily injury. He looks more like an air mattress than a human being as he floats on the top of the water.

It is twelve o'clock and everybody's bathing—all the prima donnas, tenors, basses, and contraltos in Boulogne. "Com'è dolce sta mattina," says Donna Anna, as she greets you from among the breakers. "Venez nous joindre," screams Fidelio, who is hand in hand with Weber's Concert Stück, dancing and splashing about like an amphibious Bayadère. "Gott im Himmel!" exclaims an old German, as he puts his toe in the water. "N'allez pas si loin," shout the officers of the Humane Society to some venturesome swimmer out so far that his head is only a small black speck on the blue expanse. The boat, which is always in attendance, rows after him, and he is made to turn in shore. So it goes on. Girls laughing, children screaming, men shouting, until everybody has had a *demi heure à l'eau*, and gone home to lunch. A drive to the Vallée, or a sail on the Liane, helps to pass away the afternoon very pleasantly, and to get up an appetite for the *table d'hôte* at six o'clock. And what a feast for Lucullus is that *table d'hôte* (no matter at what hotel—the Imperial being the best, *par excellence*) compared to the pyglossian meal at Folkestone. No means are neglected to make the repast as enjoyable as possible. The decorations of the table are elegant and artistic. Flowers and fruits in pretty china dishes, massive gold and silver candelabras have a brilliant effect upon the snow-white spotless cloth spread for a hundred or more visitors, and extending the whole length of the spacious *salle à manger*. The dinner is unexceptionable, well cooked, and capitally served. There are objections to every *table d'hôte*, or rather to dining on any occasion in public. Your opposite neighbour may be a man of vulgar habits and offend your gentility by using his fork as a toothpick, or eating peas with a knife. He may be an insufferable coxcomb, and annoy you by his noisy overbearing conduct—but at the risk of such contingencies you stand a chance of sitting next to an agreeable companion, or of a pair of bright sparkling eyes to look at over the way, either of which is a very pleasant adjunct to a dinner, and raises your spirits accordingly. At Boulogne I have had experience of every sort of neighbour, and am happy to say the more agreeable have hitherto exceeded the objectionable, both in number and effect. Dinner over, there is plenty of amusement, whether at the *Etablissement*, where you can dance or play at cards; at the *Tintilleries*, where you can dance only, but as violently as you like (and that's a consideration with some people); at the Theatre, where you can hear comedies, and now and then an opera, very respectably performed; at the fair, where you can see real Dulcamaras, male and female, retail their medicines to the too confiding populace. It's really worth while listening to the eloquent impudence of these charlatans, who seem to make a very good living by their trade. Last week I heard one hold forth to the crowd from the roof of her carriage, a very decent-looking vehicle, upon the rumble of which were two drummers who preluded every sentence of Mad. Dulcamara by a deafening *rappel*. She sold the medicines of her father, a physician, according to her story, too well off to do so himself. He had made a colossal fortune—she continued to dispense his drugs from purely philanthropic motives. They were perfectly harmless, and to prove it she swallowed a box full, having, she said, a slight attack of indigestion. How the drums beat as the pills went down one by one! It was quite alarming.

Besides the amusements I have mentioned, concerts are occasionally given by the Société Philharmonique, for which artists of the first rank and reputation are engaged. One took place last week, and excited great interest on account of the celebrated Sisters Marchisio being announced to sing.

Here is the programme *in extenso*—



SALLE DES CONCERTS, RUE SIBLEQUIN.  
SOCIÉTÉ PHILHARMONIQUE DE BOULOGNE.

Mardi, 20 Août 1861,

CONCERT AU PROFIT DES PAUVRES.

Chant:

Mlle. CARLOTTA MARCHISIO, Soprano,

Mlle. BARBARA MARCHISIO, Contralto,

Premières Chanteuses de l'Opéra.

Piano: M. GENNARO PERRELLI,

Violoncelle: M. Ph. LAMOURY, Premier violoncelliste solo  
des concerts de Paris.

PROGRAMME:—PREMIÈRE PARTIE.

- |   |              |
|---|--------------|
| 1. Ouverture de la Muette de Portici . . . . .                                      | Auber.       |
| 2. Grand duo de Semiramis (redemandé) chanté par les<br>sœurs Marchisio . . . . .   | Rossini.     |
| 3. Andante religioso et Rondo militaire, exécutés par<br>M. Ph. Lamoury . . . . .   | Servais.     |
| 4. Cavatine du Barbier de Séville, chantée par Mlle.<br>Barbara Marchisio . . . . . | Rossini.     |
| 5. Fantaisie sur la Fille du Régiment, composée et exé-<br>cuté par M. . . . .      | G. Perrelli. |
| 6. Le Zingare, duo chanté par les sœurs Marchisio . . . . .                         | Gabussi.     |

DEUXIÈME PARTIE.

- |   |              |
|---|--------------|
| 1. Ouverture de Lestocq . . . . .   | Auber.       |
| 2. Fantaisie sur le Barbier de Séville, exécutée par M.<br>Ph. Lamoury . . . . .                | Servais.     |
| 3. Romance de Guillaume Tell: "Sombre Forêt," chantée<br>par Mlle. Carlotta Marchisio . . . . . | Rossini.     |
| 4. 1er Adagio de Concert sur la Somnambule, composé<br>et exécuté par M. . . . .                | G. Perrelli. |
| 5. Le Carnaval de Venise, exécuté par M. Ph. Lamoury . . . . .                                  | Servais.     |
| 6. Duo de Norma, chanté par les sœurs Marchisio . . . . .                                       | Bellini.     |
- M. AL. GUILLMANT tiendra le piano, qui sort des ateliers d'Erard.

The Salle des Concerts is not a very first-rate music room. Narrow, long, and low, when crammed, as it was on this occasion, it becomes most insufferably hot. To enjoy music one ought to be completely at ease, cool, and comfortable. The architect, in whatever age he lived, was evidently not of this opinion, and from what I have seen of concert rooms, architects generally seem to differ from me. That, however, by the way. The band of the Philharmonique consists of amateurs, and is therefore exempt from criticism—a fortunate circumstance for all the amateur bands I have ever heard. The Boulogne Sterndale Bennett (judging from his back), is a good-natured musician. He took things very quietly (judging from his back), and allowed no mishap to disturb his equanimity. His shoulders are broad and his head small, so that, as far as one can tell (judging from his back), he is physically qualified for the position he fills. True, he might have got red in the face when the amateur trumpet came in too soon, or have shaken his fist privately at the violoncello, and made signs indicative of wrath at the bassoon, but if he did, it was so well managed, that judging from all he deigned to show the public, viz. his back, there is not a more easy-going conductor in the world than he is. The concert having been inaugurated by the overture to *Masaniello*, the amateurs and their conductor left the platform, and the Sisters Marchisio appeared. The great attraction of the evening, they were greeted with loud and prolonged applause. It says a great deal for the energy and enterprise of the directors of the Société, that they bring such artists to sing at their concerts, it being well known that the "sisters" demand and receive as extravagant terms as any other vocalists of the present day.

They fully justified their engagement, by attracting an audience which filled the Salle des Concerts to overflowing. The opinion of the continental press of the talent of the two young ladies is already familiar to the readers of the MUSICAL WORLD. Wherever they have appeared, the enthusiasm of the public has been excited by the perfection of their duet singing. It is difficult to imagine anything more sympathetic and harmonious than the blending of their voices, while the extraordinary vocal facility they have acquired, enables them to execute the most surprising *fioriture* and

cadenzas with unerring certainty and effect. The *Semiramide* duet they sang as arranged for them expressly by Rossini himself. It met with immense success. M. Lamoury is a violoncellist of very great talent, and had he contented himself with playing twice, would have left a most agreeable impression. But three violoncello solos are too many in one evening. The listener became satiated and fatigued long before M. Lamoury had brought his cello gymnastics to a termination.

M. Gennaro Perrelli plays the piano with a touch as light as air, and astonished everybody by his performance of some variations for the left hand alone. As far as mechanical skill is concerned, M. Perrelli was completely successful; but, for my own part, I would rather listen to the young lady playing a simple melody from the *Mariage aux Lanternes* in the next room, than all the arpeggios and difficulties ever overcome by patience at the sacrifice of sentiment. But then I am not a musician, and M. Perrelli might say I know nothing about it. The concert was finished brilliantly by the *Norma* duet, after which the fresh air afforded a most agreeable change to the stifling atmosphere of the crowded room. Since the Société Philharmonique there has been nothing remarkable to disturb the daily routine of bathing, lunching, driving, and dining. Should anything further happen it shall be duly recorded by the

ANTEATER.

THE BIRMINGHAM MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Birmingham, Aug. 26th.

I ARRIVED here this evening, and immediately wended my way to the hostelry I always "use," as James would say, for there I am certain of being well treated. In my opinion, a great deal more depends upon a critic's securing comfortable quarters and generous diet than people usually imagine. Napoleon declared that the stomach ruled mankind, and Theodore Hook has described—too truly, I am afraid—how the judges' after-dinner verdicts at the Old Bailey were influenced by the quality of the marrow-puddings and the flavour of the sheriffs' fine crusted old port. I always make it a rule, therefore—for the sake of art, mind you, and not my own—to look after my creature-comforts, as much as possible, on occasions like the present, and, to tell the truth, I generally succeed pretty well.

Of course, the approaching Festival is the great theme of conversation, and excites a vast amount of enthusiasm among all classes. From the current reports, there is every reason to believe that, this year, it will prove a grand success, both artistically and pecuniarily. For the first fact we have a guarantee in the names of the artists engaged; and, for the second, in the anxiety displayed to obtain places. However, we shall see, or, to adopt a foreign phrase never before employed—*Nous verrons*.

Aug. 27th.

I have just had the pleasure of listening to one of the finest performances of *Elijah* it has ever been my good fortune to hear. Nothing could have gone off better. The principal singers, the chorus, the orchestra, and, though last not least, the conductor, Mr. Costa, are entitled to the highest praise. Before proceeding further in matters musical, I may, perhaps, mention parenthetically, in terms of sincere commendation, the efforts made by the proper authorities to secure the comfort of their visitors. A great deal has been said, and justly, of the precautions adopted by the managers of public fêtes in Paris and other foreign cities, but, after having seen the order and regularity that prevailed in Birmingham to-day, it would have been impossible for any one to repeat the parrot-cry, "They do these things much better in France." Barriers had been erected along the principal thoroughfares leading to the magnificent Town Hall, so that, although the crowd was very great, the visitors were not incommoded by it in the slightest degree. In fact, everything, including the weather itself, was all that could be desired.

Since the last Festival, the interior of the Town Hall has been redecorated, in a style which would gladden the heart of Mr. Owen Jones himself. The means of illumination, too, have been improved by some classical gas-candelabra, a present from the Messrs. Elkington. Altogether, the building, when filled, this

morning, by its audience of well-dressed women and men, all in holiday attire, and in the best possible spirits, presented a *coup-d'ail* which will not easily be forgotten by those present.

The appearance of Mr. Costa in the orchestra was the signal for an enthusiastic burst of applause, the best proof how deeply the celebrated conductor's efforts are appreciated by the good people of Birmingham, as well as by the members of the chorus and orchestra, who were quite as demonstrative as the general public.

The proceedings commenced with the National Anthem, Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington taking the first verse, while the second was arranged as a quartet, sung by the above lady, Miss Palmer, Messrs. Sims Reeves and Santley, the whole audience standing up in obedience to the time-honoured custom. Then came the real business of the day, the oratorio itself. As I have previously remarked, it was magnificently given. *Elijah* is identified with Birmingham, and no festival here would be considered complete without it. The local amateurs composing the chorus know the work by heart; and when we recollect that, in addition to this, they have enjoyed the advantage of Mr. Costa's advice and guidance for a week or so, we can easily understand that their performance must be immeasurably superior to that of the various associations at the grand musical gatherings in Germany, where the vocalists, to the number of one or two thousand, as at Nuremberg lately, have only one rehearsal. I do not mention this with a view to depreciate the efforts of the natives of Fatherland, but merely to chronicle the fact that England, unmusical as foreigners will persist in calling her, frequently sets an example, even in music, which might with advantage be followed by those who are eternally asserting they are our superiors in all that relates to the divine art of Mendelssohn and Beethoven, of Handel and Mozart. Were I to notice in detail all the fine effects in the singing of the chorus, I should greatly exceed the space allotted to me in the columns of the *MUSICAL WORLD*. I never heard finer choral vocalism. Thus, not only were what used to be considered the grander choruses, the *chevaux de bataille* of the choristers, exquisitely given, but those choruses to which less attention was formerly paid, such as "Blessed are the men," "The watching over Israel," and "He that shall endure to the end shall be saved," were rendered with a delicacy, an amount of feeling, and a degree of precision which imparted to them an importance they never before possessed in the minds of the general public—however much musicians may have been impressed with their consummate loveliness—and prove that, high as *Elijah* has hitherto stood in popular estimation, its fame has not yet attained its culminating point, but will go on steadily increasing from year to year, as fresh beauties, hitherto unsuspected, like the existence of gold in Australia only a short time since, continue to be evolved. Man's intelligence requires to be matured up to the appreciation of great works. Shakspeare had long slumbered with the dead ere his sublime productions met with anything like the respect due to their transcendent merits; and such, I am inclined to believe, is the case with the creations of Mendelssohn. Before concluding my notice of this portion of the performance, I may mention that, at a signal from the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, the president on the occasion, the final chorus of the first part, "Thanks be to God," was repeated.

I now come to the solo singers. The soprano music was confided to Mlle. Titiens and Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington. The former lady has evidently made great strides in the rendering of oratorio music since her first essay in the *Creation*. The music in *Elijah* is evidently better suited to her powers than that of Haydn's masterpiece, and the experience she has gained is of great use to her. "Nobody is missed" was a favourite axiom of Talleyrand, the astute, and, though we cannot help regretting that we shall no more listen to the sweet, pure tones of Clara Novello, or the fascinating strains of Mad. Otto Goldschmidt, Mlle. Titiens' singing to-day went far to prove the truth of the observation which emanated from the cynical heart of the wily ex-priest and whilome diplomatist. Her execution of the fine air, "Hear ye, Israel," was a superb piece of artistic vocalisation and expressive declamation—calm, lofty, and unaffected. Her pronunciation of the English words, moreover, was extremely satisfactory, and proves how assiduously she must have laboured to approach perfection—which I am almost tempted to assert

she has attained—in every imaginable respect. In the double quartet, "For he shall give," in the trio, "Lift thine eyes," and in the quartet and chorus, "Holy, holy, holy"—in the last especially—her natural aptitude for oratorio was placed beyond a doubt. The music of *Elijah* is not exactly adapted to Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington. Nevertheless, she is far too accomplished a vocalist ever to disappoint altogether the expectations of her audience, and belie her well-earned reputation in other branches of the art. But her style is rather too light for the severe and measured tread of oratorio. I intend these observations generally, for she was very fine in the concerted pieces, as well as in the duet between the Widow and the Prophet. The contralto music was divided between Mad. Sainton-Dolby and Miss Palmer, who fully sustained their previous reputation. Mad. Sainton-Dolby was especially good in the air "O rest in the Lord," which was repeated at the request of the noble President, for the audience have no ostensible part in the matter, being requested to refrain from all manifestations of applause at the morning performances, although they are allowed to be as demonstrative as they choose in the evening. The opinion of the *MUSICAL WORLD* with regard to encores is, by this time, pretty well known to all its readers. But if the system of overtaxing the powers of artists is bad, or if it is out of place for the general public to call for the repetition of a particular piece, why should the said system still be pursued by the President himself, who, above all others, I should say, is bound to set a good example and preserve order and decorum? Such an arrangement savours too much of a partiality for cringing towards those in high places. It may suit the Hofburg Theatre in Vienna, but is far from appropriate in a great centre of intelligence and political liberty like Birmingham. In the words of Hamlet, I beg to say, "Reform it altogether." But *revenons à nos moutons*. Miss Palmer was excellent throughout, distinguishing herself more particularly in the air, "Woe unto them," which she rendered with touching expression and artistic finish. Mr. Sims Reeves was in fine voice, and never sang with more spirit than on this occasion. His rendering of the recitative and air, "If with all your hearts," was superb. The same may be said of the accompanied recitative, "Man of God," in Part II, and, "Then shall the righteous," Mr. Santley was heard to great advantage in all the music allotted to him. His rendering of the song, "Lord God of Abraham," and, "Is not His word like fire?" created a deep impression. M. Montem Smith effectively discharged his duties as second tenor and the subordinate parts in the double quartet were well sustained by Mrs. Sutton, Messrs. Mason, Briggs and Smythson. The final quartet, "O! come every one," sung by Mlle. Titiens, Miss Palmer, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Santley, was a great treat. It narrowly escaped repetition, for the President gave the signal for an encore. But Mr. Costa, somewhat like Nelson, perhaps, on a certain occasion, did not see it, and thus the artists' lungs were spared. The final chorus, "And then shall your light," formed, by the manner in which it was delivered, a worthy conclusion to this magnificent performance. I should be guilty of an act of most culpable omission were I not again to state that the playing of the band was simply magnificent. It could not have been surpassed, and but seldom equalled.

Among the notabilities—the *sommités*, as the French style them—were the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, president; the Mayor of Birmingham and party, Lord Calthorpe, the Hon. Miss Calthorpe, the Hon. Augustus Calthorpe, Colonel the Hon. Somerset Calthorpe and party, Mrs. Dugdale, Mr. W. S. Dugdale, jun., the Rev. W. Astley, Lady Willoughby de Broke and party, Lady Moradant and party, Lord Wrottesley and party, Viscount Lifford and the Hon. Miss Hewitt, Sir Francis Scott, Lady Scott, and party; Sir W. Hartopp, Lady Hartopp, and party; the Hon. and Rev. W. Lyttelton and party, Lady Charlotte Chetwynd and party, the Hon. and Rev. John Bridgeman and Miss Moncrieff, the Rev. Mr. Biddulph and party, the Rev. Herbert Peel and party, the Baroness Windsor and party, the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Clive, Lady Sandys and party, Mr. T. H. Foley, M.P., and party, Mr. W. Scholefield, M.P., and party, Sir T. Winnington, M.P., and party, Mr. John Hardy, M.P., Mrs. Hardy and party, Sir Francis Shuckburgh and party, Sir John Trollope, M.P., and party, Mr. Howard Galton and party, Lord Raglan and party, the

Rev. W. Graham, the Hon. Colonel Legge and party, Lord Somerville and party.

The general audience numbered more than 1500 persons, and the total receipts, including donations and collections, amounted to 1809*l.* 17*s.* 10*d.*, a welcome addition to the funds of that admirable institution, the General Hospital.

Aug. 28th.

Really, the duties of critic on a London musical paper are by no means light. At the close of the London season, the gentleman who "does" the theatres, may pack up his portmanteau or carpet-bag, and proceed in search of that relaxation he so much needs after his weary labours. He may visit Paris or Baden Baden; drop in to see a friend at Berlin or Vienna; pay a visit to the Tyrol, scale Mont Blanc, or pass a pleasant fortnight in exploring and admiring the beauties of the Rhine. If he be more homely in his tastes, he may roam through the lake districts, lounge on the esplanade at Brighton, or eat shrimps and wear buff slippers at Margate. He is not sent about the country to record the provincial achievements of dramatic stars. Were Robson and M. Fechter to appear in the same piece at the Theatre Royal, anywhere out of the sound of Bow Bells, Londoners would be perfectly contented to put up with the accounts furnished by the local gentlemen of the press. But the poor musical critic is differently situated from his dramatic *confrère*. For him there is no rest, and *volens volens*, after laying down his pen as soon as Belgravia envelops its parlour blinds in old newspapers and Pall Mall is deserted, he must be off into the provinces to record the musical doings there. His task is certainly rendered agreeable when he can hear such a performance as the one I have just noticed, but alas for his patience and his nerves, when he is doomed to sit out a "miscellaneous concert," such as that given last evening! The following is the programme:—

PART I.—Overture (*Siege of Corinth*), Rossini; Duo—Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington and Signor Belletti, "Signorina, in tanta fretta" (*Don Pasquale*), Donizetti; Song—Miss Palmer, "Save, Father, on the sea," Hatton; Trio—Mad. Rudersdorff, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, and Mr. Sims Reeves, "Ti prego, O Madre pia," Curschmann; Aria—Signor Giuglini, "Spirito gentil" (*Favorita*), Donizetti; Glee—Mad. L. Sherrington, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Montem Smith, and Signor Belletti, "Blow, gentle gales," Bishop; Aria—Mlle. Adelina Patti, "Ah! fors e lui" (*Traviata*), Verdi; Duo—Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. Santley, "La ci darem la Mano" (*Don Giovanni*), Mozart; Song—Mad. Sainton-Dolby, "The days that are no more" (Poetry by Tennyson), Blumenthal; Scena—Mlle. Titiens, "Softly sighs," Weber; Concerto Pianoforte—Miss A. Goddard, in G Minor, Mendelssohn.

PART II.—Overture (*Der Freischütz*), Weber; Ballad—Mr. Sims Reeves, "Fresh as a Rose," Balfé; Trio—Mad. L. Sherrington, Mad. Rudersdorff, and Mad. Sainton-Dolby, "Night's lingering shades" (*Azor e Zemira*), Spohr; Aria—Signor Belletti, "Sorgete" (*Maometto Secondo*), Rossini; Air—Mad. Rudersdorff, "Isabelle la cruelle" (*La Circassienne*), Auber; Duo—Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini, "Da quel di" (*Linda di Chamouni*), Donizetti; Aria—Mlle. Adelina Patti, "Ah, non credea mirarti" (*Sonnambula*), Bellini; Duo—Signor Giuglini and Signor Belletti, "Claudio ritorna" (*Elisa e Claudio*), Mercadante; Scena—Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, "The Shadow Song" (*Dinorah*), Meyerbeer; Duo—Mlle. Titiens and Mr. Santley, "Crudel Perche" (*Nozze di Figaro*), Mozart; Finale, Tutti—"Vadasi via di qua," Martini.

Now, there is not a number in the above with which every musical Londoner is not on terms of the most intimate acquaintance, and therefore you may judge of the effect the entire selection exercised upon your Correspondent, who had not only to listen to, but to report on it. However, "Needs must when the devil drives," and therefore I will at once proceed to give you a faithful account of the proceedings. In the first place, the two overtures were great hits. Need I say they were both splendidly given by the band? Miss Palmer produced a highly favourable impression in Hatton's ballad, "Save, Father, on the sea." Of the other two ballads, "The days that are no more," sung by Mad. Sainton-Dolby, and "Fresh as a rose," sung by Mr. Sims Reeves, the latter appeared to suit the audience more especially, as great efforts were made to prevail on Mr. Sims Reeves to repeat it, but that gentleman was true to his principle of not accepting encores, and declined acquiescing in the general wish.

The same was not the case with Mlle. Titiens and Signor Giuglini in the duet, "Da quel di," from Donizetti's *Linda di Chamouni*. By the way, we have every reason to be thankful for the appearance of Signor Giuglini at the Festival. He was travelling from Brighton on Sunday by the train which ran into the excursionists, and might have shared the deplorable fate of so many others. As it is, he has escaped with merely a bruised hand. He accepted an encore also in "Spirito gentil," from the same composer's *Favorita*. Of the duets, in addition to the one already noticed, that from *Don Pasquale*, "Signorina, in tanta fretta," sung by Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington and Signor Belletti, produced no marked sensation, but appeared caviare to the Birminghamites. Mozart's "La ci darem la Mano," sung by the same lady and Mr. Santley, went, on the contrary, in splendid style; but Mercadante's "Claudio ritorna," from *Elisa e Claudio*, was not more successful than "Signorina, in tanta fretta," although given by Signori Giuglini and Belletti. Mozart's "Crudel, perché," from *Le Nozze di Figaro*, however, excited the liveliest marks of approbation. The trio by Curschmann and that by Spohr met with a hearty welcome. The freshest piece in the programme was "Isabelle la cruelle," from the veteran Auber's last opera, *La Circassienne*. This was confided to Mad. Rudersdorff, who acquitted herself as she invariably does. But why should I go on, noticing the programme piece by piece, and repeating opinions which must long ago have become familiar to every reader of the *MUSICAL WORLD*? Let me proceed to the more remarkable events of the evening. The first, according to its place in the programme, was the *début* of Mlle. Adelina Patti before a Birmingham audience. It may be boldly asserted, without fear of contradiction, that every person among the vast assembly collected each night within the Town Hall awaited with anxious expectation the appearance of our recent musical importation from America, an importation in the eyes of sundry enthusiastic musicians worth all the cotton ever sent from New Orleans, though even artists would feel terribly at a loss, if suddenly deprived of the ordinary and highly necessary articles manufactured from the material in question. Of course, when I used the expression "every person," a line or two above, I alluded to the Warwickshire lads and lasses *pur sang*, and not to those of "the nobility, gentry, and others," who although born, perhaps, in the country, visit it only when fashion declares it *mauvais ton* to be seen in town. The great majority of the audience—taking that word in the acceptance I intended—wished, in the first place, to hear Mlle. Adelina, in order that they might not be behind the age, for they follow the taste of London with regard to a fair artist, as much as in the weighty matter of a new shape for bonnets, or a novelty in mantles; and they wished, in the second place, to hear her in order to rid themselves of the airs of superiority assumed by the small minority who had already done so. The latter looked forward to the appearance of the young lady with an inward chuckle, and a complacent smile, as much as to say, "Wait a moment; it is all right. We have told you she is magnificent, and you will soon see whether we were not right." In fact, if I may judge from some half dozen who chose the fascinating *doncella* as their theme of discourse with me, they made her success rather a personal matter. At length, the wished-for moment arrived, and Mlle. Adelina stood on the platform. In a moment, aye, in less, a thousand glances were levelled at her. It struck me that the first impression was one of incredulity, and those who had reported such marvels of the youthful *prima donna*, fell at least cent. per cent. in the estimation of their fellow provincials, as far as the article of veracity was concerned. But this state of things did not continue long, and ere Mlle. Patti had concluded the *cabaletta* of her first air, she had worked her audience up to a state of enthusiasm. Her success was no longer—if it had ever been—a matter of doubt, and her fame received the Brummagen stamp, this time, by the way, impressed upon a first-rate article. Her triumph in the air from *La Sonnambula* was even more brilliant, and the "Ah! non giunge" excited a tempest of applause, which could not be allayed until she had accepted an encore, which she had refused to do in her first air. The other great event of the evening was the performance of Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor, by Miss Arabella Goddard. I regret to say that, after leaving Boulogne to be present here last evening, this gifted lady had been attacked by such severe indis-



position as to render it a matter of doubt whether she would be able to play. Her absence would have deprived the lovers of really fine music of a most intellectual treat. Not a sign of her indisposition was apparent in her performance. On the contrary, as if to show what she *could* do, she fairly excelled herself. Her reading and rendering of the *adagio* was masterly, delicate, and expressive, in the extreme, while under her magic touch the *andante* was invested with a charm, a beauty, it is impossible to describe. The applause she received was tremendous, and caused one to regret that one or two more such samples of genuine classical music had not been included in the programme. Why, for instance, among the many hackneyed pieces set down, could there not have been a grand orchestral symphony? Echo answers, Why? Let us hope that those gentlemen who have the management of the next Festival may be induced to give this subject their serious consideration, and treat their audiences to something more in accordance with the spirit of the present day, and with the rapid strides made by classical music of a high order during the last twenty years. I must now conclude, but before doing so, I will add that the concert, as a whole, undoubtedly delighted the audience, and sent them home in great good-humour.

[For an account of the performance of *Samson*, given on Wednesday morning, we refer our readers to an article in our leading columns from the pen of our correspondent.—H. H., Ed.]

Aug. 29th.

Very grave doubts had been entertained and freely expressed, before the commencement of the Festival, whether the Committee had acted judiciously when, in lieu of the usual miscellaneous concerts, they came to the determination of giving an oratorio in the evening, an oratorio having already furnished the bill of fare for the morning. The opponents of the course adopted maintained that two oratorios in the same day would not only pall upon the public, but also prove rather severe work for the singers. *Toujours perdrix*, they said, is a thing to be avoided, however fine and succulent each individual bird may be. The supporters of the committee asserted, on the other hand, that the objections urged against the plan were obviously futile, because there was a different audience in the evening to that in the morning. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" is a question which has been asked ere now, and, as a rule, Time alone can answer it. This has been the case in the present instance. Time has now demonstrated that the plan was not a wise one. As compared with the miscellaneous concert on Tuesday evening, there was a falling off at the performance of *The Creation* last evening in the receipts, which amounted only to 642l. 10s., a fact all the more to be regretted since Art on occasions like the present is intended to assist the cause of Charity. But I will leave financial matters and proceed to notice the more striking points in the performance, for anything like a detailed criticism would be superfluous, considering how well the public is acquainted both with the work itself and with the rendering of it by most of the principal performers. The following was the "cast" of the *Creation* yesterday evening:—

PART I.—Introduction, "Representation of Chaos;" Recitative, Signor Belletti, "In the beginning;" Chorus, "And the Spirit of God;" Recitative, Mr. Montem Smith, "And God saw the light;" Air, Mr. Montem Smith, "Now vanish;" Chorus, "A new created world;" Recitative, Signor Belletti, "And God made the firmament;" Air and Chorus, Mlle. Titiens, "The marvellous work;" Recitative and Air, Signor Belletti, "Rolling in foaming billows;" Recitative and Air, Mlle. Titiens, "With verdure clad;" Recitative, Mr. Montem Smith, "And the heavenly host;" Chorus, "Awake the harp;" Recitative, Mr. Montem Smith, "In splendour bright;" Chorus, Trio, and Chorus, Mlle. Titiens, Mr. Montem Smith and Signor Belletti, "The heavens are telling."

PART II.—Recitative and Air, Mlle. Titiens, "On mighty wings;" Recitative and Arioso, "And God created great whales;" Terzetto, Mlle. Titiens, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Belletti, "Most beautiful appear;" Trio and Chorus, Mlle. Titiens, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Belletti, "The Lord is great;" Recitative and Air, "Now heaven in fullest glory shone;" Recitative and Air, Mr. Sims Reeves "In native worth;" Recitative, "And God saw everything;" Chorus, "Achieved is the glorious work;" Trio, Mlle. Titiens, Mr. Sims Reeves and Signor

Belletti, "On Thee each living soul awaits;" Chorus, "Achieved is the glorious work."

PART III.—Introduction and Recitative, Mr. Sims Reeves, "In rosy mantle appears;" Duet, Mad. L. Sherrington and Mr. Santley, "By Thee with bliss;" Chorus, "For ever blest be his power;" Duet, Mad. L. Sherrington and Mr. Santley, "O star the fairest;" Chorus, "Proclaim in your extended course;" Recitative, Mr. Santley, "Our duty we have now performed;" Recitative, Mad. L. Sherrington, "O Thou for whom I am;" Duet, Mad. L. Sherrington and Mr. Santley, "Graceful consort;" Recitative, Mr. Sims Reeves, "O happy pair;" Chorus, Solo parts by Mad. L. Sherrington, Mr. Sutton, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley, "Praise the Lord, ye voices all."

Mlle. Titiens fully sustained her recently earned reputation as a singer of sacred music of the first class. Her rendering of "The marvellous work," and of the airs, "With verdure clad," and "On mighty pens," excited but one sentiment among the audience—that of profound and well-merited approbation, and more than confirmed the decision lately pronounced upon this lady in the same work at the Crystal Palace and Exeter Hall. Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington gave universal satisfaction in the music of Eve, while Mr. Santley did as much in that allotted to Adam. The bass music in the first and second parts was sung by Signor Belletti with his usual excellence. The tenor music in the first part was confided to Mr. Montem Smith; the remainder being reserved for Mr. Sims Reeves, who produced as great a sensation as ever in the recitative and air, "In native worth." The choruses were admirably given; and, to sum up, the whole performance passed off most satisfactorily, despite the chilling absence of anything like applause.

It is as difficult to say anything new about the *Messiah*, which was the oratorio selected for this morning, as it is about the *Creation*. The parts were thus distributed:—

Part. Overture; Recitative (accompanied), Mr. Sims Reeves, "Comfort ye;" Air, "Every valley;" Chorus, "And the glory of the Lord;" Recitative (accompanied), Mr. Santley, "Thus saith the Lord;" Air, Madame Sainton-Dolby, "But who may abide?" Chorus, "And He shall purify;" Recitative, Miss Palmer, "Behold! a virgin;" Air and chorus, "O Thou that tellest;" Recitative (accompanied), Mr. Santley, "For behold! darkness;" Air, "The people that walked;" Chorus, "For unto us a child;" Pastoral Symphony; Recitative, Mad. L. Sherrington, "There were shepherds;" Recitative (accompanied), "And lo! the angel;" Recitative, "And the angel said;" Recitative (accompanied), "And suddenly;" Chorus, "Glory to God;" Air, Mad. L. Sherrington, "Rejoice greatly;" Recitative, Miss Palmer, "Then shall the eyes;" Air, "He shall feed his flock;" second part, Mad. L. Sherrington, "Come unto Him;" chorus, "His yoke is easy."

Part II.—Chorus, "Behold the Lamb of God;" Air, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, "He was despised;" Chorus, "Surely he hath borne;" Chorus, "All we, like sheep;" Recitative (accompanied), Mr. Sims Reeves, "All they that see Him;" Chorus, "He trusted in God;" Recitative (accompanied), Mr. Sims Reeves, "Thy rebuke;" Air, "Behold and see;" Recitative (accompanied), Mr. Sims Reeves, "He was cut off;" Air, "But Thou didst not leave;" Chorus, "Lift up your heads;" Full Chorus, "He is the King of Glory;" Recitative, Mr. Sims Reeves, "Unto which of the angels;" Chorus, "Let all the angels;" Air, Mad. Rudersdorff, "How beautiful;" Chorus, "Their sound is gone out;" Air, Signor Belletti, "Why do the nations;" Chorus, "Let us break;" Recitative, Mr. Sims Reeves, "He that dwelleth;" Air, "Thou shalt break them;" Grand Chorus, "Hallelujah."

Part III.—Air, Mlle. Titiens, "I know that my Redeemer;" Quartet, Mlle. Titiens, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Belletti, "Since by man came death;" Chorus, "By man came also;" Quartet, Mlle. Titiens, Mad. Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Belletti, "For as in Adam all die;" Chorus, "Even so in Christ;" Recitative (accompanied), Signor Belletti, "Behold! I tell you;" Air, "The trumpet shall sound" (Trumpet Obligato, Mr. Harper); Grand Chorus, "Worthy is the Lamb." Amen.

The performance was magnificent. Again did the great German *prima donna*, Mlle. Titiens, electrify her audience. Her rendering of the air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," was sublime. The other more noticeable points was the singing of Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington in "Rejoice greatly;" of Mad. Sainton-Dolby in "He was despised;" and of Mr. Sims Reeves in the whole of the music which fell to his share. The choruses went admirably, the "Hallelujah" being encored by the President.

The receipts amounted to the large sum of 2,653*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.*, thus proving that the attraction of *The Messiah* is as great as it ever was, except in the solitary instance of the Festival here in 1855, when it drew 2,370 persons to the Town Hall.

Among those present were the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot (president) and party, the Mayor of Birmingham and party, the High Sheriff of Staffordshire and party, the Hon. Colonel Legge and party, the Earl of Powis and party, the Countess of Bradford, Miss Moncrieff and party, Viscount Lifford, the Hon. Miss Hewitt and party, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke and party, Mrs. Monckton, Sir John Trollope, Bart., M.P., Lady Trollope and party, Lord Wrottesley and party, Lord Lyttelton and party, the Hon. Georgiana Leigh, Colonel the Hon. Somerset Calthorpe, the Misses Calthorpe and party, Sir Francis Shuckburgh, Bart., and party, Lady Mordaunt and party, the Rev. Mr. Biddulph and party, Sir George Chetwynd, Bart., Lady Charlotte Chetwynd and party, Sir William Hartopp, Bart., Lady Hartopp and party, Sir Francis Scott, Bart., Lady Scott and party, Admiral Parker and party, C. N. Newdegate, Esq., M.P., Mrs. Newdegate, Miss Bouchere and party, J. Hodgetts Foley, Esq., M.P., and party, Henry Whitmore, Esq., M.P., Mrs. Whitmore and party, the Rev. Herbert Peel and Mrs. Peel, Mrs. Dugdale and party, the Rev. Mr. Astley, Edward Bolton King, Esq., and party, J. H. Galton, Esq., and party, Samuel Pole Shaw, Esq., and party, A. G. Manley, Esq., and party, the Baroness Windsor and party, Mr. Lygon, M.P., and party, the Dowager Lady Ward and party, the Rev. C. Holbech and party, Sir Robert Hamilton, Bart., and party, Sir R. Alleyne, Bart., and party, Lady Louisa Whitmore, John Hardy, Esq., M.P., and party, Lord Raglan, Lady Raglan, and party, the Hon. and Rev. H. Talbot and Mrs. Talbot, Samson Hanbury, Esq., Mrs. Hanbury and party, the Rev. William Greenstreet and party, the Hon. L. Butler and Miss Butler, Mrs. Biddulph and party, the Hon. Miss Rushout.

The concert this evening will doubtless prove a great hit, seeing that Miss Arabella Goddard is to play Beethoven's Piano-forte Concerto in E flat, and that both Mlle. Titiens and Mlle. Patti are announced to appear. To-morrow we are to have Beethoven's Mass in D, with Handel's *Israel*, and Hummel's Motett *Alma Virgo*, in which Mlle. Patti will sing. The Festival will be brought to a conclusion by *Judas Maccabæus*, and on Saturday there will be a performance of *La Sonnambula* at the theatre, with Mlle. Patti, Signori Ronconi and Tiberini in the principal parts.

#### NOTICES.

TO ADVERTISERS.—Advertisers are informed, that for the future the Advertising Agency of THE MUSICAL WORLD is established at the Magazine of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). Advertisements can be received as late as Three o'clock P.M., on Fridays—but not later. Payment on delivery.

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TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS.—All Music for Review in THE MUSICAL WORLD must henceforward be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244 Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear on the Saturday following in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

## The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1861.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

Birmingham, August 29th.

SIR,—The performance of Handel's *Samson* at the Birmingham Festival on Thursday last was, on the whole, one of the most satisfactory that has taken place since Mr.

Costa was appointed conductor, and, indeed, since our great music-meeting has assumed the high position it now occupies. Of the oratorio itself—now happily becoming more and more familiar to the musical public, and gradually vindicating the high opinion entertained by its composer, who (perpetually, it would seem, overlooking the still more magnificent *Israel*) hesitated whether to accord his preference to *Samson* or the *Messiah*—we need say very little. That *Samson* is the most essentially dramatic of those compositions, the subjects of which Handel was enabled to gather from Sacred Writ, will be generally admitted; nor can the fact of two such vast and elaborate works as this oratorio and its immediate precursor, the great musical epic of Christianity, having been commenced and terminated within the incredibly short interval of ten weeks (from August 22nd, when the *Messiah* was begun, to October 12th, when *Samson* was finished) be too often dwelt upon, with wonder at the genius that conceived and the art that accomplished such a herculean labour.

The additional accompaniments supplied by Mr. Costa, the claims of which to favourable consideration have been more than once discussed, would appear now to be indispensable at every grand performance of *Samson*; and certainly the splendid band of instrumentalists under that gentleman's vigorous control take pains that no effect contemplated by their much-respected chief shall be lost or slurred over. So that, while strict Handelians may indulge in a notion that, here and there, a little too much has been added by the ready and skilful hand of a modern Italian musician to the original granite structure of an old Teutonic giant, few can feel otherwise than gratified at the perfect manner in which the interpolations, such as they are, are allowed to assert their intrinsic value. The choruses on Thursday were worthy all praise, and the immense benefit derived from the weekly practices of the Birmingham Festival Choral Society and the Birmingham Amateur Harmonic Association, again received unanimous acknowledgment. Not to enter into minute details, the whole of that stupendous scene, at the end of Part II., in which the rival apostrophes of Israelites and Philistines are exhibited, now alternately, now combined in one colossal burst of harmony—in which are set forth the antagonistic protestations of Micah, friend of Samson, and of Harapha the giant; in which the solemn choral invocation of the Hebrew, "Hear Jacob's God!" meets a derisive comment in the riotous epithalamium of the idolaters, "To song and dance we give the day;" and lastly, in which a triumphant climax is attained with "Fixed in his everlasting seat" (a masterpiece of choral effect, unsurpassed even by Handel)—all this revealed the utmost possible efficiency: and the impression produced on the enormous crowd assembled in the Town Hall was indescribable. But the great choral displays in the first and second parts of the oratorio, from "Awake the trumpet's lofty sound" (the celebration, by the priests of Dagon, of the festival in honour of their idol), to "Then round about the starry throne" (the prophecy of celestial glory, with which the Israelites stimulate the religious zeal of Samson) in the one, and from "To dust His glory they would tread," to the "Fixed in His everlasting seat" in the other—have obtained frequent and enthusiastic acknowledgment. Less generally appreciated, considering their excellence, have hitherto been the picturesque choruses in Part III., "With thunder armed, great God arise," ending with a musical embodiment of the act of prayer in the highest degree impressive; "The Holy One of Israel be thy guide," spirited enough to arouse the dormant energies of



the most crestfallen hero; "Great Dagon has subdued our foe," and "Hear us, our God, O hear our cry," the first expressing the joy of the Philistines at their supposed victory, the last their despair at the unexpected catastrophe, which has involved their enemy and prisoner, Samson, with themselves, in one common ruin—both masterpieces; "Weep, Israel, weep!" the lamentation of the Israelites for their lost champion—in pathos not to be excelled; "Glorious hero," following the "Dead March" (rival to the more noted one in *Saul*)—with which chorus the oratorio originally terminated; and "Let their celestial concerts all unite"—a happy after-thought, as a morning contemporary reasonably infers, by means whereof the composer averted an anti-climax, and brought his great work to a conclusion with becoming pomp and majesty. These—excepting "Weep, Israel, weep!" which was occasionally out of tune, and "Glorious hero," in certain parts unsteady—were so finely executed by the chorus in the present instance that their merits were just as sensibly felt as those of any of the more renowned choral pieces preceding them. In short, this performance of *Samson* may be fairly set down as one of the most honourable achievements of the Birmingham Festival—an achievement, indeed, to which the Directors are entitled to look back with pride.

The solo music was, for the most part, equally successful. Miss Banks, apparently not at all disconcerted by the unaccustomed largeness of the arena in "Let the bright seraphim" (deriving, it should be stated, no small advantage from the way in which the famous trumpet part was given by Mr. Harper), elicited the sympathy of the audience to such an extent that the President of the Festival (the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot) deemed it expedient to "command" her to repeat the air, although it directly ushers in the final chorus. The same favour was shown to Mr. Santley in "How willing my paternal love," the last song of Manoah (Samson's father), in accordance with a no less unanimous—though, of course, speechless and handless—manifestation of approval; and rarely has approbation been extorted by a more legitimate and truly artistic display. The other bass was Signor Belletti, who, in the music of the giant Harapha, maintained his ground against every rival, and never sang "Honour and arms," his part in the duet with Samson, "Go, baffled slave!" or the declamatory recitatives, with greater animation. To Mad. Sainton-Dolby was allotted the part of Micah, which is as much as to say that the air "Return, O God of Hosts!" was rendered with a classical purity of style that left no room for criticism. Indeed, the expression infused into the last was on a par with that which gained such warm approval for Signor Belletti; but, as this air and the succeeding chorus form but one piece, there was no opportunity for the audience to be equally "demonstrative." The other contralto—Miss Palmer (the part of Micah was cut into halves)—won golden opinions in "The Holy One of Israel." Mad. Rudersdorff undertook the remainder of the soprano music.

The part of Samson is one of the grandest ever imagined by Handel, and at the same time one of the most arduous to the singer, whose physical force and intellectual capacity are alike severely tasked. The elder Braham could at once understand what Handel intended, and render the great composer's meaning plain to every intelligent hearer; but, since Braham, one singer alone has been found with the requisite gifts of voice, intelligence, and executive skill to give the music of Samson with proportionate effect,—that one, it is scarcely necessary to add, is Mr. Sims Reeves, who alike in the sombre and desolate pathos of "Total

eclipse," the religious and at the same time passionate fervour of "Why does the God of Israel sleep?" and the fierce impetuosity (so variously set forth in florid divisions) of "Go, baffled coward, go!" rises to the height of the situation, depicts every shade of sentiment and emotion, and thus thoroughly realises the design of the composer. How finely Mr. Reeves delivers recitatives we need not insist. Of these in *Samson* there are enough and to spare; but, when so simply and unaffectedly declaimed, their prolixity is in a great degree lost sight of. Again; in the long and not very invigorating dialogues with Harapha and Delilah, the same rare talent almost closes the lips of the well-intended councillor about to utter a recommendation to unsparing curtailment. Even the comparatively unthankful air, "Thus when the sun in's wat'ry bed," which prepares the final "exit" of Samson (Part III.), was made impressive by the peculiar significance given to the last lines—

"The wand'ring shadows ghastly pale,  
All troop to their infernal gaol,  
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his sev'ral case,"—

which materially enhanced the interest of the song, and brought the situation it is meant to illustrate more vividly before the mind. The setting of the sun, as an image of the hero's approaching departure for another sphere, had clearly in this instance suggested nothing to the composer too subtle or profound for the comprehension of the singer. The reading of the entire passage was in the highest sense poetical.

A word of well-merited praise for Mr. Stimpson who presided with ability at the organ (which, by the way, is now and then overtaxed in the additions to the score of *Samson*), must end this notice of a really admirable performance. That *Samson* will become popular in Birmingham is more than probable.

H. H.

A GREAT deal of curiosity and anxiety is being manifested about the prospects of English Opera in the forthcoming season. "Will Her Majesty's Theatre open with Mr. Sims Reeves, Mlle. Parepa, Mad. Lemmens-Sherington, &c. &c.?"—"are new operas being prepared for that establishment?"—"will Mr. E. T. Smith be manager?"—"what will Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison do at Covent Garden?"—"when will the theatre open?"—"what new artists have been secured to assist the co-directors?"—"what composers are busy with what operas?"—"are some of the numerous questions being asked on every side, and only a few of which we can at present gratify those interested in the matter by answering. Nothing definite has as yet been arranged about Her Majesty's Theatre; and Mr. E. T. Smith is so deeply absorbed in his new Cremorne speculation—which, thanks to the glorious weather, no less than his own indomitable energy and boundless liberality, has, up to the present moment, turned out, we are right well pleased to chronicle, a most thriving speculation—as to have absolutely no time to give to any other managerial enterprise. That, however, the great theatre in the Haymarket will again open under the banners of English opera we feel confident. The success of last season would fully justify any zealous *entrepreneur*—even less zealous than Mr. Smith—in trying his hand at the direction. Some mistakes, indeed, were made last year in the administration—inevitable under the circumstances; but these might be easily avoided, and, considering what *Robin Hood* and the *Water Witch* achieved for the management, we fancy that there might be far less promising

speculations than English Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre. But, as we have said, nothing has been determined, and the prospects of our national music, as far as the establishment in the Haymarket is concerned, are now mere matter for surmise.

Something more definite is known about the future of the "National Opera," under the direction of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. H. Harrison, at Covent Garden. The season will commence the second week in October, and the first novelty produced will be Mr. Howard Glover's opera of *Ruy Blas*, which was announced last season, but was postponed owing to circumstances over which the managers had no possible control. Mr. Balfe, too, is hard at work, in Dresden, on an opera, the text of which has been supplied by Mr. J. V. Bridgeman, which it is intended to bring out as soon as *Ruy Blas* has outrun the periodicity of its success. An opera from the pen of Signor Schira has also, we hear, been accepted, as well as one by Mr. Benedict, the latter founded on Mr. Boucicault's drama, the *Colleen Bawn*—a somewhat intractable subject to treat for musical purposes, we should presuppose, considering the story, the country, and the personages engaged therein. Of Mr. Frank Mori's *Bride of Florence* and *Lambert Simnel*—of Mr. Henry Smart's *Aminta* (if that be the name of his recently finished work)—of Mr. Macfarren's new opera (or of the revival of *Charles the Second*, promised last year)—of Mr. John Barnett's new or old opera—of Mr. Bristow's American opera, *Rip Van Winkle*, oft promised, never performed, all of which have been spoken of, more or less, we know nothing positively or comparatively. We have been informed, indeed, that Mr. Harrison has a desk full of librettos, which he has purchased; and we know from experience that he is one of the best living friends to poets who borrow other people's stories and versify them. Were Mr. Harrison, by the way, as shrewd a judge of music as he is of rhymes, it is just possible it might prove more advantageous to the National Emprize over which he part presides. Nevertheless, we prefer managers who understand versifying to managers who attempt it; and consequently can bestow unqualified praise on Mr. Harrison, who last year cried content with his single Gallic adaptation, and has since, as far as we know, not modulated from the manager to the minstrel, and taken the poet's work out of the poet's hands.

About the company we know very little beyond the re-engagement of Mr. Santley and Mr. Honey, the absence of both of whom last season was greatly missed. A letter on the subject from a gentleman who signs himself "Vox Populi," and sends his card, appears in another part of our columns. We cannot agree with the writer that native artists of repute are plentiful, but, on the contrary, think them scarce. Where, for instance, are the directors to find a "prime tenor," Mr. Sims Reeves being retained at another house? Where a "prime lady," Mlle. Parepa and Mad. Lemmens-Sherrington being equally secured? We fancy there is a better chance for obtaining the ladies than the gentlemen, and can see no pretensive tenor who can take the field alongside of Mr. Harrison. We shall offer no further remarks on the subject at present—which we should not have touched upon but for the letter of our correspondent—reserving what we have to say until such time as the programme for the season appears. Pending which, we may be allowed to express our conviction that in the approaching campaign Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. H. Harrison will exhibit their utter abnegation of all petty jealousies in the matter of engagements, and that they will endeavour to procure for their theatre

the best available talent which the country can yield; by which means only can a true "National Opera" expect to flourish.

#### MR. ALFRED MELLON'S CONCERTS.

THE second "special," or "classical" night was given on Friday, last week, when Handel was represented in the first part, the selection being made from *The Messiah*, consisting of the principal vocal solos from that grand sacred masterpiece sung by Mlle. Parepa, Mad. Laura Baxter, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. Weiss. Mlle. Parepa sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and "Rejoice greatly," with eminent success, the latter creating an immense effect. The fair artist improves nightly, and is gaining in style, which perhaps was her only drawback. The brilliancy of her voice, and great natural facility, are thoroughly appreciated by Mr. Mellon's audiences, who, for the most part, are composed of real amateurs, allured to the theatre to hear good music and nothing else. The season of the dog-days is not exactly the time for the London Gents to disport themselves in music-halls. They flock rather to Margate, Ramsgate, Herne Bay, Broadstairs, and all the chief ports, wallowing on the sands, like sea-cows ashore, or play the mimic sailor, dressed, as Thackeray has it, in telescopes and pea-jackets. But thanks to the love for real music, Mr. Mellon is enabled to dispense with the earless attendance of that vacuous section of the community, and fill the theatre without their smirk persons. But this by the sea. Following the example of Mlle. Parepa, Mad. Laura Baxter produced a decided impression in that most pathetic and heart-rending of all airs, "He was despised and rejected of men," which exhibited her beautiful voice and devotional feeling to the utmost advantage. As, however, we are nothing if not critical, we must confess we should have preferred the air with less emphasis on the closing notes. Mad. Laura Baxter's voice is too fine not to suffer from any the least straining. The song "He shall feed his flock," given, according to custom, in the different keys, by the two ladies, was an irreproachable performance. Mr. George Perren sang the recitative and air "Comfort ye my people," and "Every valley shall be exalted," with becoming expression and dignity, but hardly with that power and largeness of style the music demands. Mr. Weiss was exceedingly forcible in the grand bravura air, "Why do the nations so furiously rage together?" and in the air, "The trumpet shall sound" (trumpet *obbligato*, Mr. T. Harper), was still more successful. The band especially distinguished itself in the overture and the pastoral symphony.

Variety has particularly characterised the programmes during the past week. A young pianist, Miss Julia Woolf, of whose antecedents we know nothing, has appeared on more than one occasion, executing some popular fantasia with more than average success; new pieces of music have been introduced, new solos played, and Mlle. Parepa, Mr. George Perren, and Mr. Weiss have supplied a ceaseless round of favourite airs, ballads, &c. Saturday was a volunteer night, which, of course, was tumultuously attended by the grey-coats and the green-coats, but unfortunately, not being enrolled corps-wise, we did not feel bound to attend, and cannot state particulars. The performance, however, we hear, went off like a Whitworth rifle. Next week a Mozart night is promised—Thursday is fixed. Monday or Tuesday will be devoted to an "English, Irish, and Scotch" *pasticcio*. In short, everything is being done which could be done to amuse the London loiterers who are debarred by imperious necessity from flying to the continent or migrating to the sea shore. Let those compelled to stay in town be thankful to Mr. Alfred Mellon for his harmonious spiriting.

**HOMEWARD BOUND.**—Amongst the recent arrivals from Australia with Mr. J. V. Brooke and Mr. Richard Young, we have to record that of Mrs. Hancock, many years leading vocalist in that colony.

**SURREY THEATRE.**—A new operetta, by Dr. Bennett Gilbert, entitled *A Night in Fairy-land*, will be produced at this theatre on Saturday next, with the following solo vocalists—Miss Camilla Chipp, Miss Thirlwall, M. De Solla, and Mr. Wallworth. A full band and chorus are engaged, and a *corps de ballet*.

CARL FRIEDRICH ZELTER.\*

THE author of the present work is peculiarly fitted for the task of writing a sketch of Zelter's life, not only from the fact of his being a grandson of the composer, but also because he had at his command the necessary documents—which he tells us are numerous, and by no means exhausted—and, moreover, was acquainted with all the family traditions. He says, in his preface, that it was only a few years ago that he discovered the materials of his biography in the loft of a country mansion in Pomerania. Although in the interval of nearly thirty years since the decease of Zelter, the number of those who knew, loved, and honoured him, may have considerably decreased, the author still hopes his book will find readers; some, he believes, will derive from its perusal the enjoyment arising from participation in the scenes portrayed, while others will view it as a romance or a historical picture.

The book is divided into two parts. The larger half is taken up by the autobiography from the pen of Zelter himself, and extends to his thirtieth year. He was born on the 11th December, 1758, in Berlin. This disproves, as the author remarks, the assertion made by another writer in this journal, that Zelter first saw the light at Petzov, a place where tiles are manufactured, near Potsdam.

Speaking of the autobiography, the author of the book observes:—"Apart from the naïveté of its style, the frank good humour of its narrative, and the natural charm of its humour, this portion of the work is a mirror, which may boldly be held up to the youth of the present day. The other half is an attempt further to work up the biography from documents, interspersed with letters. As the first part exhibited the gradual course pursued by the subject of it, the latter should show the consequences of that course, and what was done by the hero when he had arrived at the maturity of his powers. In this latter portion will be seen what reparation Posterity has to make to the memory of Zelter, whom it has too soon forgotten; what he did for his art generally; what efforts he made for the Singacademie, as its founder, its support, and its teacher; how he wrung from the Government patronage and support for a regular course of musical instruction; and how he created the institution of the Liedertafel, besides doing many other things."

The author winds up by saying that he hopes he has succeeded in exhibiting to us Zelter in all his antique strength and worth, so that he may live again in the memory of his contemporaries and be recognised by Posterity as a man who deserves to be honoured, imitated, and remembered.

Such are the sentiments of the author. As may be supposed, the great value of the book lies in the peculiar account of the youth and progress of its hero. In applying this term to Zelter, we guard him from that secondary signification of which it is easily susceptible, and, indeed, necessarily so. It is certainly something heroic, and indicative of a strong mind, for a man, when writing his own life, to speak frequently, and, in most instances, with sharpness, nay, with depreciation of himself. The judgment he pronounces on his own acts imparts to the opinions he utters concerning others, and of which we have many instances, the most lively appearance of truth. This first half of his troubled life is characterised, in an exciting, and frequently a pathetic manner, by the struggle in him between manual labour (for, like his father, he was brought up as a mason), and art (for, from natural inclination, he was a musician). This struggle between the Real and the Ideal is, indeed, the trial which the majority of those who yearn after the highest objects have to go through. But Zelter wrote the sketch of his life at a period when he had nearly brought this struggle to a close. It was a very eventful period for him, for he had just lost his second wife, and beheld his native land in the most abject state of degradation, while he himself was without means, and full of anxious care as to how he should provide for his eleven children, passed the long nights without sleep, though he strove to turn them to account. His warmest wish, namely

that of visiting Italy, was never destined to be fulfilled, though he was frequently on the point of carrying it out. His relation to his father had a great deal to do with this. Zelter studied art in silence, and without his father's knowledge, while he followed his trade openly and uninterruptedly by his father's side, so that the old man knew less about his son's taste than any one else. One day, when a piece of music by a certain Zelter (it was the *cantata on the Death of Frederick the Great*) was performed, he was astonished at there being anybody besides himself of that name in Berlin, and a third person had to inform him that the composer was his own son. Both in trade and art Zelter obtained the highest proficiency by the most marvellous exertion, seconded greatly by his corporal strength. About the same time that he finished his apprenticeship as a mason, and was received as a master, in his five-and-twentieth year, a grand composition of his was selected to inaugurate a new organ in the Georgen Kirche. This composition is discussed at considerable length in the book, and the opinions of celebrated contemporaries on it are quoted. A very interesting opinion is that of Kirnberger, the well-known theorist; Marpurg, his rival, is also mentioned. Of all the other persons (and they are not a few) who were connected with Zelter, the most prominent one is Carl Fasch. What is related concerning him is too valuable for us to pass it over in total silence. Besides, the commencement and destiny, the rise and glory of the Singacademie which he founded, are so closely interwoven with the history of these two men, that, considering the very general interest the subject excites in the artistic world, we cannot refrain from quoting the most important facts.

"From the year 1789, there gradually arose the society which afterwards accidentally obtained the name of the Singacademie, and owed its existence to my noble master, and fatherly friend, Fasch. The works Fasch has left behind him show us a man who, all his life, devoted particular attention to harmony, and exerted himself to apply it to what was serious, elevated and sterling in art. His outward characteristic had become, firstly, from his residence at a small court, and subsequently from his employment in the service of more exalted Royal personages, a reserved behaviour, neither attractive nor repelling. Precarious health and the economy it necessitated had combined to prevent his gaining or promising much. His education and earliest connections were of such a kind, that, possessing as he did a cheerful mind, easily instructed, he necessarily became an admirable musician, but his over-great modesty had accustomed him to place himself beneath other artists, such as Bach, Quanz, and others of less account. Thus, he commenced the first practice with the other members of the Singacademie, as though they were his pupils, trying over his compositions with them, compositions which he offered as mere attempts, however convinced he might secretly be of their excellence. When a good thing is thus begun, and carried out with calm perseverance, it cannot fail to succeed. Such was the commencement of the Singacademie, which dates from a period which was not glutted with music, as the present is."

But smoothly as this reads, that the progress of this now world-celebrated Society speedily ran the risk of being brought to a premature close, because the members did not set about their work seriously, not because they neither were nor wished to be professional singers, but rather, in a far greater degree, because they had no place of meeting such as they were fairly justified in expecting, is a fact we gather as we read further. The Singacademie, so called principally because it soon moved from private houses to the Academy of Arts, though, unfortunately, into a wretched room which could not be warmed, was brought to so low an ebb, that, on many a Tuesday, which even then was the day of meeting, it was impossible to cast a piece of music. The Society was within an ace of being dissolved. "But the girls," says Zelter, "were the most courageous. One day the cold was insupportable, and the majority of the members were for going home. One of the girls, putting her muff upon the floor, knelt down upon it, and wrapped her feet in her long gown. Several others followed her example, and, at last, the whole company, in this touching position, sang a choral, while Fasch burst out into tears. The picture of this evening is still present to my eyes; the scene was so touching, that I trust I shall always preserve it in my memory."

\* Carl Friedrich Zelter. *Eine Lebensbeschreibung. Nach autobiographischen Manuscripten bearbeitet von Dr. Wilhelm Rintel. Berlin, Janke.* [The article is translated from the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung.*]



Like the above, all the other anecdotes concerning the progress of the Singacademie are of general interest, and especially valuable to all those who have been or may be members. The fate of the institution is so closely bound up with that of its founders, that we might substitute the one for the other. An intimate connection soon sprang up between Fasch and Zelter, so that the latter, as the former's pupil, as early as 1792, when the rules for the management of the Academy were settled, was appointed Fasch's assistant. Whether Fasch was or was not then aware his pupil was by trade a mason (though we believe he was not), is an undecided question. At Fasch's decease, in 1800, Zelter succeeded to all his duties. During the last eight years the number of the singers had increased from 30 to 148. "One fact which proved detrimental to the Singacademie," we read in another part of the book, "was that we had begun by attempting too much. Six-part and eight-part pieces could rarely be executed (this applies to the Mass by Fasch, and his eight-part 'Misere mei,' Psalm li.) and it cost no slight effort to pass from such compositions, with breadth, greatness of taste, style, and expression, to small, light pieces, with which we ought to have commenced!"

(To be continued.)

### Letter to the Editor.

#### OUR NATIONAL OPERA.

SIR,—At the end of the musical intelligence in one of last week's papers, it is stated that the performance of English operas at Covent Garden will commence in October; and a suggestion is made for the consideration of the management, in reference to the attendance of the guard of soldiers during the season.

About the soldiers a great many of the readers of your journal, like myself, care little. They would rather direct attention to the inside of the theatre, acknowledging the accommodation provided for visitors to be excellent, the conductor, band, and chorus to be altogether worthy of an institution which the managers have repeatedly declared is to be the National Opera of our great country.

They would allow that a great deal has been done that had not before, nor has since the establishment of the Royal English Opera, been accomplished. But they remember the colours under which the management sails, and they declare that a first-rate band and chorus is not all they look for, and that there should have been found in the National English Opera Company last season more than two English artists of great repute and position.

There should be more than one first-rate prima donna and primo tenore, one first-rate barytone at least, rather than three or four beginners, and so on in other departments.

They would ask, is there to be a fresh set of *débutantes* this season?

Let the management look round them; there are English artists who have recently proved themselves of vast value in the lyric theatre. A little additional liberality in these matters would most probably secure an adequate return; and the support which has been given hitherto, as much in favour of the cause as on account of the actual attractiveness of the performances, will be secured to the speculation, in consideration of its supplying such enjoyment as has not always been found.

All honour, however, to the managers who have been the means of rescuing English opera from oblivion, and to the two artists whose talents and exertions have contributed so greatly to the now enduring success of the same.

VOX POPULI.

MAD. LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT.—The public of Liverpool will not have forgotten the impression created by Mad. Goldschmidt's appearance at the Philharmonic concerts now two or three years since, and we are particularly gratified in being able to announce that the amiable and gifted lady will again appear under the same auspices some time in October next. During the past London season Mr. and Mad. Goldschmidt gave a grand morning concert

at Earl Dudley's mansion, in Park-lane, in behalf of the Female Artistes Society, at which the wonderful abilities of Mad. Goldschmidt appeared to be as great as ever. We believe, we may announce that a performance of Mendelssohn's Oratorio of Elijah is now preparing in London, in behalf of a local charity, at which Mad. Goldschmidt has generously offered her services, and will sing Mendelssohn's grandest composition, the interpretation of which has been considered by many as Mad. Goldschmidt's finest achievement. We hear that the Philharmonic Society of this town have arranged for a performance of Haydn's Creation, in which Mad. Goldschmidt is to sing the soprano part, and our own great tenor Sims Reeves will sing the tenor part for the first time with the great artist. Signor Belletti is to complete the *ensemble* by singing the bass, a combination that has not hitherto been witnessed. The oratorio is to be succeeded the following evening by a Miscellaneous Concert, at which, in addition to the transcendent attraction of Mad. Goldschmidt, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Signor Belletti as vocalists, the eminent violinist Herr Joachim or Signor Piatti, and Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, will combine their distinguished talents. It must give general satisfaction to learn that Mr. and Mad. Goldschmidt, with their family of three young children—two boys and a girl—have become quite domiciled in this country, indeed, that Mr. Goldschmidt has become a naturalized subject of England; and it is very pleasing to find them quitting their retirement at Wimbledon, if only for a season, and resuming a position from which it has been so much regretted they should seem disposed to retire. Few public characters have diffused more real intellectual enjoyment by her professional abilities, or dispensed greater happiness and benefits by her unostentatious generosity, than Mad. Otto Goldschmidt, *née* Jenny Lind.—*Liverpool Albion.*

HITCHIN.—A concert was given at the Town Hall on Tuesday last, under the conductorship of Mr. Combe assisted by Miss Emily Miller (who sang, among other popular pieces, "The skipper and his boy"), Messrs Vincent and Clarkson as vocalists, and an excellent quartet of stringed instrument players, viz., Messrs. Silberburg, Ball, Leng and Boatright, whose performances of Beethoven's quartets in G major, and A flat major, and Haydn's in B minor, and D major, were greatly admired. A prominent feature in the concert was a solo on the violin, composed and capably played by Mr. Silberburg, consisting of an air with brilliant variations. A solo on the clarinet was also contributed by Mr. J. Rawlings, as well as a couple of solos on the pianoforte by Mr. E. J. Crow, so that the audience had plenty at all events for their money. The programme concluded with the National Anthem.

#### MANAGERS AND MUSIC HALLS.

(From "All the Year Round.")

"When they do agree on the stage, their unanimity is wonderful."

The managers of the London theatres have lately gathered together in a body, and have offered to the observation of the public a practical commentary on Sheridan's admirable text. On this occasion, the motive for unanimous agreement among these gentlemen has been furnished by a certain entertainment at the Canterbury Music Hall, London, which bears a suspiciously close resemblance to the representation of a pantomime. Any performance of this sort—if it takes place out of a theatre—or any performance at all which involves the interchange of dialogue between actors (even when they are only two in number) is viewed by the whole body of the London managers as a dangerous infringement on dramatic rights, which they consider to have been acquired exclusively to themselves. They have accordingly come forward to restrain the proprietor of a music-hall within the strict letter of the license conceded to him, which is a license for music and dancing only—the plain object of the proceeding being to prevent all proprietors of all music-halls from amusing their audiences by means bearing any dramatic resemblance to those which are habitually employed by managers of theatres.

With the immediate judicial decision pronounced on this case, we have no present concern. It is, we believe, understood on both sides that no one decision will be allowed to settle the dispute, and that further legal proceedings are already impending. Our purpose in referring to the subject in these pages is to ascertain what the fair interests are in relation to it, not of the managers only, but of the public at large. A very important question of dramatic Free Trade is involved in this

dispute; and London audiences, comprising in these railroad times people from all parts of the kingdom—are directly concerned in the turn which may be taken by its final settlement.

A large proportion of our readers may be probably in need of some preliminary explanation on the subject of music-halls, and of the quality of the performances which are exhibited in them. These places of public entertainment may be roughly described as the growth of the last ten years, both in London and in the large towns throughout England. They are, for the most part, spacious rooms attached to large public-houses, but having special entrance-passages of their own. The prices of admission are generally sixpence for one kind of place and a shilling for another. Both sexes (except, we believe, at Evans's supper-room in Covent Garden, where men only are admitted) are allowed the right of entry—there are female as well as male performers at the entertainments—and the audience have the privilege of ordering what they please to eat or drink, and of smoking as well, at any period of the evening's amusements, from their beginning about seven o'clock to their end a little before twelve.

Of the kind of entertainment provided for the public, under these curious conditions, and of the behaviour of the audiences during the performance, we can speak, in some degree, from personal experience. Not very long since we visited one of the largest and most notorious of these places of amusement—Weston's Music Hall, in Holborn—on a night when the attendance happened to be unusually large, and when the resources of the establishment for preserving order were necessarily subjected to the severest possible test.

The size of the Hall may be conjectured, when it is stated that on the night of our visit, the numbers of the audience reached fifteen hundred. With scarcely a dozen exceptions, this large assembly was accommodated with seats on the floor of the building, and in a gallery which ran round three sides of it. The room was brightly lighted, tastefully decorated with mural painting, and surprisingly well ventilated, considering that the obstacle of tobacco-smoke was added to the ordinary obstacles interposed by crowded human beings and blazing gas-light to check the circulation of fresh air. At one end of the hall was a highly-raised stage, with theatrical foot-lights, but with no theatrical scenery; and, on this stage (entering from the back) appeared, sometimes singly, sometimes together, the male and female of the night—all, with the exception of the comic singers, in evening dress. It is not easy to describe the variety of the entertainments. There was a clever nigger vocalist with a blackened face, and nimble feet at a jig. There was another comic singer, preserving his natural complexion—a slim inexhaustible man, who accompanied himself (if the expression may be allowed) by a St. Vitus's Dance of incessant jumping, continued throughout his song, until the jumps were counted by the thousand; the performer being as marvellously in possession of his fair mortal allowance of breath at the end of the exhibition as at the beginning. There was instrumental music played by a full band of wind instruments. There was a little orchestra, besides, for accompaniments; there was a young lady who sang "serio-comic" songs; there were ladies and gentlemen who sang sentimental songs; there was a real Chinaman, who tossed real knives about his head and face, and caught them in all sorts of dangerous positions with a frightful dexterity—and who afterwards additionally delighted the audience by thanking them for their applause in the purest "Canton-English." Lastly, there was an operatic selection from the second act of "Lucia di Lammermoor," comprising not solo-singing only, but concerted music and choruses, and executed in a manner which (considering the resources at the disposal of the establishment) conferred the highest credit on the ladies and gentlemen concerned in the performance, and on the musical director who superintended it. These entertainments, and others equally harmless, succeeded each other at the shortest intervals, throughout the evening; the audience refreshing itself the while with all varieties of drinks, and the male part of it smoking also with the supremest comfort and composure. At the most crowded period of the performances not the slightest disorder was apparent in any part of the room. The people were quietly and civilly conducted to their places by clean and attentive waiters; the proprietor was always present overlooking the proceedings. Not a single case of drunkenness appeared anywhere; no riotous voices interrupted the music. The hearty applause which greeted all the entertainments, comic and serious, never degenerated into disturbance of any kind. Many colder audiences might be found in this metropolis—but an assembly more orderly and more decorous than the assembly at the Holborn Music-Hall we have never seen gathered together at any place of public entertainment in any part of London.

Such is our experience of one of these music-halls, which may be taken as a fair sample of the rest. Canterbury Hall, which happens just now to be the special object of prosecution by theatrical managers,

is simply another large concert-room, with a raised stage—possessing, however, it is only fair to add, an attraction peculiar to itself, in the shape of a gallery of pictures. In other respects, it may be at once conceded that if portions of the performances at Canterbury Hall represent an infringement on assumed theatrical privileges, portions of the performance at the Holborn Hall fall within the same category. The pantomime entertainment at one place may be, to all technical intents and purpose, matched by the operatic entertainment at the other. Both are exhibited on a stage; both are illuminated by foot-lights; both involve the interchange of dramatic dialogue—spoken in one case sung in the other. If the managers of our two operas contemplate asserting their interests, as the managers of the other theatres have done, the performance from Lucia di Lammermoor, in Holborn, is as open to attack as the performance of pantomime which is the subject of complaint against Canterbury Hall. With scenery or without it, with costume or without it, the grand dramatic situation in Donizetti's opera, interpreted by solo singers, chorus, and orchestra, is a dramatic performance, and carries the vocalist as well as the audience away with it. Our own ears informed us, on the evening of our experience, that Edgardo delivered his famous curse in trousers, as vigorously as if he had worn the boots of the period. The Lucia of the night could not have sung the lovely music of her part with greater earnestness and emphasis, if her father's halls had opened behind her, in immeasurable vista, on a piece of painted canvas—and Colonel Ashton was as pitiless a gentleman in an unimpeachable dress-coat, as if he had worn the most outrageous parody on Highland costume which the stage wardrobes of operatic France or Italy could produce. If it simplifies the question now at issue—and it does surely, so far as the public discussion of the subject is concerned!—to confess at once that some of the entertainments at music-halls do in some degree trench on the ground already occupied by entertainments at theatres, we make the acknowledgment without hesitation. Legal quibbling apart, the resemblance complained of, does partially exist; and is, in the present state of the laws which regulate such matters open to attack. Granting all this, however, one plain inquiry, so far as the public are concerned, still remains to be answered: Are the managers morally justified in claiming for themselves a monopoly in dramatic entertainment, and in proceeding against the proprietors of music-halls accordingly?

In their present situation, as we understand it, the managers have two grievances which they all complain of alike. The first of those grievances is, that theatres and music-halls are not impartially submitted to the same conditions of state and control. The theatres are under the direction of the Lord Chamberlain; the music-halls are under the direction of an act of Parliament of George the Second, and the licensing magistrates. The Lord Chamberlain, acting as the official victim of old precedents, shuts up the theatres under his jurisdiction in Passion Week; and arbitrarily throws out of employment for that period, not the actors only, but the thousands of poor people who live by ministering to the obscure necessities of the stage. On the other hand, the licensing magistrates, having no old precedents to fetter them, allow the music-halls to open their doors as freely in Passion Week as at any other time—the practical result being, that musical and dramatic performances, with smoking and drinking, are officially permitted, at exactly that period of the year when musical and dramatic performances *without* smoking or drinking, are officially prohibited. The absurdity and justice of this proceeding are too manifest for comment. If it is wrong to allow any public amusements in Passion Week, shut the music-halls—if it is right, open the theatres. So far as this really serious grievance is concerned, our sympathies are heartily with the managers. Instead of gaining any advantage by being placed under the courtly authority of the Lord Chamberlain, they are actually oppressed, in this particular, by a gross injustice; and they deserve all the help we can give them in subjecting that injustice to public exposure and public attack.

(To be continued.)

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